

The Continuation

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Summary: A series of unconnected one-shots depicting life on Berk.
Post-movie.

1. Chapter 1

"You did what with my leg?" Hiccup deadpanned.

Astrid laughed nervously. Ruffnut and Tuffnut attempted to hide behind each other simultaneously. Snotlout whistled nonchalantly, all the while edging slowly out of the room. Fishlegs, in a rare burst of stupidity, made a mad dash for the window.

And Hiccup continued to look severely unimpressed.

"Well," Astrid started, "You see. Um. It's actually a _really funny story-_"

"I'm sure." Hiccup exchanged a look with the Night Fury at the end of his bed. Or rather, the boy looked at his dragon in a long suffering manner, and Toothless continued to feign sleep, apparently going with the '_if I can't see them, they can't see me, and therefore I will not get involved in Young Viking Shenanigans at this ungodly hour_' fallback.

Said Young Vikings were crowded in Hiccup's bedroom, all looking somewhat bedraggled and, for some inexplicable reason, covered from head to toe in soot, fish scales and- were those _bite marks?_

"So, let me get this straight. You stole my prosthetic limb â€" which is, in case you hadn't realized, the only way I can get around â€" tried to _improve itâ€¦_ I don't evenâ€¦" He dragged his hand across his face and sighed. "Have any of you actually worked in a forge? Ever? I didn't think so."

Astrid grimaced. "It wasn't my idea! It was theirs!" she said, gesturing wildly over her shoulder.

"Whoa, hey! We were drunk, and in no way responsible for our actions. And you were the one who told us to do it!" Tuffnut said defensively.

"That's encouraging," Hiccup muttered, "Drunken teenage Vikings can now break into my house and steal my belongings while I sleep. What happened, anyway? Any reasons as to why you all look like you've been halfway to Hel and back?"

They looked relieved at the change of topic. Despite all appearances, an angry Hiccup was a terrifying sight to behold.

Fishlegs abandoned his efforts of squeezing through the window, instead giving a hasty explanation.

"W-well, your, um, prosthetic doesn't seem to, uh, handle the snow and ice and all that, so we decided to do something nice for you to help-"

"Wait wait wait- you all _willingly _did something _nice _for me, to _help_ meâ€|" Hiccup said disbelievingly.

"Hey, dude, I did say we were drunk." Tuffnut shrugged.

Taking a deep, steadying breath, Hiccup gestured for Fishlegs to continue.

"So, um, anyway, we tried to improve it- your prosthetic, that is- and we didn't quite plan, and so it, uh, melted. And caught on fire. At the same time." He cringed at the memory.

Hiccup closed his eyes briefly. "And how- _exactly-___do you expect me to, oh I don't know, _walk_?"

There was a collective wince.

"Okay. That explains the soot. What about the fish scales?"

"A Viking's gotta eat," shrugged Snotlout.

"And â€"dare I ask- what about the bite marks?"

For some reason, this was incredibly funny, as the majority of the people in the room burst out laughing, while Snotlout blushed crimson.

"Our dear, _courageous_ leader over here managed to sit on a clutch of Terror hatchlings. If that makes you feel any better." Astrid grinned at him.

And, sitting on his bed with one and a half legs and a useless reptile, surrounded by friends who cared enough (even while drunk) to help him, Hiccup realized that yes, he did feel slightly better.

He was still going to kill them.

**Hopefully this didn't come out quite as badly as it appears to my poor, sleep deprived mind. And as for the title, I'm working on it. Apparently after one in the morning, inspiration starts screwing with

me.**

Disclaimer: I'm sure you all know how this works by now. And if anyone takes it upon themselves to sue me, you wouldn't get very far, as I am about as broke as they come. :D

2. Chapter 2

Written to Jonsi's "Why Not". I would recommend listening to it while reading, but I'm pretty sure that no one does. ^^

Also, I am in serious need of prompts. PLEASE.

The Boy's hand is close to his nose, so close that it would only take a slight movement on his part to make contact. He hesitates, heart torn with indecision, _these creatures bring pain, they bring suffering, they don't make any SENSE, he's different, he helps, he is small, not a threat-_ before taking a deep, steadying breath â€" _betrayal of your own kind_- and he pushes his snout into The Boy's outstretched hand.

And he can't help but think _why._

Many years later, almost a decade, he lies atop a small hill, outside a simple cottage. It does not appear to be special to passing Vikings, but he has not turned his head since The Boy- now very much a man- had run pell-mell through the village and inside.

Strange, disquieting sounds emit from the house, causing the dragon's ears to twitch. He wants â€" _needs-_ to enter, but The Boy had ordered him to remain outside, and even though it makes his scales itch and his chest constrict, he obeys.

His current state causes him to reflect back on all that he has been through with The Boy, from the acceptance of his peers to his rise to chief of the village â€| But with the good comes the bad, and his claws still bury themselves in the ground as he thinks of the loss of the leg, and The Boy constantly risking his life for the safety of his friends._ Idiot_, he thinks affectionately. His mind still occasionally turns to that moment in the cove, where he first allowed The Boy within his boundaries.

He stays like this for a long while, staring at the hut, until a wail pierces the air, followed by crying. His head shoots up, ears swiveling toward the house.

It is still some time before The Boy stumbles outside, grinning madly despite his sweat stained demeanor. He runs up to the waiting dragon, and grabs him on either side of the head, and rests their foreheads together.

"Toothless. I- I'm a father!" he says, as if he still can't believe this fact.

The dragon wants to say that this is very obvious, thank you, but he doesn't, instead humming deep in his throat.

The Boy beams at him, before dashing off into the village to spread the word.

And as the dragon watches The Boy " His Boy- that boy with the biggest heart, and filled with more joy and wonder than an ocean is filled with water, he can't help but think _why not_.

End
file.